

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS-CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 32—VOL. XX.

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NO. 1022.

SICILIAN LOVE.

[CONTINUED.]

"ARE YOU," began Cuenna, "the admiral four enemies, the invincible Ruyter?" Ruyter (coldly) I am Ruyter; but the poet employed by you, Signora, does not do me, and would only betray a ridiculous pride.

Cuenna. And yet you are at this moment hopes of conquering the French.

Ruyter. I certainly hope it; and no exertion of mine shall be wanting to accomplish that hope.

Cuenna. Know, admiral, that it is in my power to ensure you the victory.

Ruyter. In your power, Signora? May I request an explanation of your meaning?

Cuenna. Do you know Vivonne?

Ruyter. I know very little of him, but he is a strong desire for a better acquaintance. I saw him once at the Hague; he appeared to me a brave man, as brave as his sister Montespan is beautiful.

Cuenna. Montespan! curses on the monster!

Ruyter. Why so, Signora? She serves the same monarch in the bed-chamber, that your brother serves in the field. But let her do what she will, I shall be delighted to find him the courage and the experience of a romp. Doubly glorious would then be such victory, and doubly intimate I hope would be our acquaintance.

Cuenna. Would to heaven I had never known him! The earth contains not a more accomplished man, and a greater villain.

Ruyter (with some surprise.) That he is accomplished, I have no doubt, and have often heard so; but why a villain? On the contrary, people speak highly of his honour, his honour, and other excellent qualities.

Cuenna. And not without reason.

Ruyter. I am told that he is as ambitious for glory, as he is zealous in the service of his king.

Cuenna. Yes, and as faithless in love.—Oh, the perfidious man, with whom the most sacred oaths were a mere juggle! Ah, Sir, if we were acquainted with his crimes—

Ruyter. Signora, I understand you not.—I am an entire stranger to the manners of your country, and particularly to the character of our sex. I have visited many regions, and have found that men and their notions are totally different in each. In Holland, my native country, our way of life is extremely simple; the women attend solely to their domestic concerns, and these afford them sufficient employment. They nurse their children, are tenderly attached to their husbands, and superintend their kitchens. When we leave them they weep, but not very long, for they know that when we sail, it is for the defence of our country.

Cuenna. Indeed, heroic Ruyter, it is impossible you should understand me, if your knowledge of women is confined to such creatures as those. Where shall I find words to

express the force of my feelings and the full extent of my wretchedness! I loved—loved this villain—loved him, and was weak. (In a different tone,) No, no! not weak—strong, but too strong was my passion. I lived entirely in him, not in myself. I was repaid with the blackest ingratitude, with the most horrid perfidy. I suspected his inconstancy; I flew after him; and have been on board his ship. There I espied a female—a youthful female of resplendent beauty.—They must both die!

Ruyter. Some cruel affliction preys upon your heart, Signora. That I can plainly perceive, but the cause of it I cannot comprehend. What can I do for you?

Cuenna. Avenge me.

Ruyter. Revenge is a passion to which my heart is a stranger.

Cuenna. But that cannot be the case with love.

Ruyter. Oh no! love of my duty and love of my country, are sentiments with which I am intimately acquainted. That other love, the offspring of voluptuous indolence, and an important avocation for all those who have no other employment—has never ruled my heart. The place which it might perhaps have occupied has long been better filled.

Cuenna. But were you never married?

Ruyter. I am at present married to my third wife. The two first were perfectly satisfied with me in every respect, and the third gives me the same assurance. I did all that lay in my power to render their lives as happy as possible. When I was with them we always lived peaceably together, and when absent I took care that they should not want. On my return I always saw and embraced them with pleasure; and quitted them without pain, because my duty called me away.—They never gave me any uneasiness, except by the tears which they shed at every parting.

Cuenna. What! and have you never felt that harrowing up of the soul, that inexpressible anguish, notwithstanding its torment is not totally destitute of rapture, with which the parting kiss is imprinted on the lips of those we love, with which fond lovers separate ten times, and as often unite in the ardent embrace?

Ruyter. No; my duty commanded me to go, and I went.

Cuenna. But your children?

Ruyter. I have several. The daughters I left with their mother to comfort her in my absence; the boys I took with me when they were big enough, to shew them the way to rise from a common sailor to the rank of admiral. I have two of them now on board with me, and hope soon to introduce them to your marshal.

Cuenna. Be not too sanguine, Sir; the traitor is not such an easy conquest.

Ruyter. So much the better, as I have already said. The greater the difficulty, the greater the glory, and the sweeter the satisfaction.

Cuenna. Then you reject my sure, easy,

and infallible method of securing the victory?

Ruyter. I am yet to learn in what it consists.

Cuenna. In the death of Vivonne. Look, Sir, at this dagger! In one of the happiest moments of my life, I shewed it to our common enemy, saying:—"For Vivonne, while constant to his vows, I reserve my tenderest embrace; but this steel is destined to punish his inconstancy." He is faithless, and I am ready to keep my word. I was on the point of fulfilling my menace, but was desirous of first apprising you, Sir, of my intention.—Cuenna does not like to do things by halves—she would not put him to a single death, but inflict on him, if possible, two, three, nay, a hundred deaths. She is desirous of punishing not Vivonne alone, but of including all his treacherous countrymen in her vengeance. To accomplish this end, she requires nothing but your assistance.

Ruyter (in a half angry manner.) Nothing but my assistance?

Cuenna (with great animation.) Spread all your sails, brave Ruyter; arm all your crews, and approach with your fleet near the harbour of Messina. When I hasten towards you with the bloody dagger, or if the report of Vivonne's death outstrips my speed, bear down without delay on the ships of the enemy. Deprived of their commander, and horror-struck by the fall of their idol, they will be incapable of resistance. You will conquer, will annihilate them, and the faithless Vivonne will even in death be doubly discomfited; history will brand his name with two-fold infamy.

Ruyter. And you expect me to assist you in accomplishing this plan?

Cuenna. Yes, you.

Ruyter. God preserve my soul from the mere idea of such a compact. Signora, I am now sixty-nine years old, and probity has ever been the guide of my conduct. Never was my conscience polluted with falsehood, treachery, and guilt; I have hitherto cherished in my soul the principles of genuine virtue and valour, and I would at this moment submit with joy to a thousand deaths, rather than alter my sentiments. I have navigated almost every sea; I have been engaged in battle with almost every nation in Europe, and towards each I have conducted myself, as far as fortune permitted, according to its deserts. Rigid towards the English, haughty towards the Spaniards, (formerly our enemies, but now our faithful allies,) frank towards the French, magnanimous towards the Swedes, when I protected the king of Denmark; I have every where conquered and invariably gained the respect of the vanquished. Even when I had to do with the pirates of Sallee & Algiers, I forgot not the rights of humanity, neither will I lose sight of them on this occasion. Honour put into the hands of our forefathers the sword and the musket; the assassin only employs the dagger, not a man like me."

(To be Continued.)

WORTH.

"WORTH makes the man," Pope says; and every body acknowledges the truth of the sentiment; but then the question is, what makes worth?—The moralist will tell you, "it is virtue"; but the man of the world says, "it is money." And indeed, in this age of Reason, the latter definition seems almost universally to prevail. When it is asked, how much a man is worth, the answer generally has an exclusive reference to his property. If he has wealth, the reply to the question says, he is worth so many pounds; but if he be very poor, though he should possess the intelligence of a Newton, and the benevolence of a Howard, "*He is not worth a groat*." Thus the worth of a man, like that of beef and butter, is reckoned by pounds, shillings, and pence.

ALTHOUGH an excess of wine must ultimately, and too often rapidly induce a deficiency in constitutional vigour, a discreet and reasonable use of it may, more especially in a feeble and imperfectly cemented fabric, be almost necessary, or as subservient at least, to its consolidation and continuance.—*Man is not a mill, that can go merely by water.*

RIDICULE is the chief weapon of infidelity; the lowest and most abandoned of mankind can ridicule the most exalted beings; they call prudence avarice; courage, rashness; and brand good nature with the name of prodigality; they laugh at the compassionate for his weakness; the serious man for his preciseness; and the pious man for his hypocrisy; and modesty is prudery; for the man of wit is never so happy as when he can raise the blush of ingenious merit, or stamp the marks of deformity and guilt on innocence and beauty. In short, it is only calculated to put virtue out of countenance, to enhance the miseries of the wretched, and poison the feast of happiness; to insult man, affront God; to make us hateful to our fellow creatures, uneasy ourselves, and highly displeasing to the Almighty.

To every place of entertainment we go with expectation, and desire of being pleased; we meet others who are brought by the same motives; no one will be the first to own his disappointment, one face reflects the smile of another, till each believes the rest delighted, and endeavours to catch and transmit the circulating rapture. In time, all are deceived by the cheat to which all contribute. The fiction of happiness is propagated by every tongue, and confirmed by every look, till all at last profess the joy which they do not feel, consent to yield to the general delusion, and when the voluntary dream is at an end, lament that bliss is of so short duration.

ANECDOTE.

A farmer being much troubled with his neighbor's Geese, which got into his lot, and injured his grass, in a very friendly manner requested to shut them up or keep them out of his inclosure—which being of no avail, he declared he would bear it no longer; when his neighbor told him to pound them: "Pound 'em," said he. "Aye, that I will," replied the farmer; and shortly after, finding them in his clover, he very carefully pounded them by mashing their heads between two stones, and drawing their neck through some post holes, when he told his neighbor his Geese were *pounded* and *posted*, hoping he would now take proper care of them.

POWER OF AFFECTION.

"*Trifles in themselves,
Are to the feeling heart of greater worth,
Than India's richest gems.*"

Touch'd by the magic hand of those we love,
A trifle will of consequence appear;
A flower, a blade of grass, a pin, a glove,
A scrap of paper, will become most dear.

And is that being happy whose cold heart
Feel not, nor understands this source of joy;
To whom a trifle can no joy impart;
Who lose them, cast them by, deface, destroy?

Yes, they are happy, if the incensate rocks
On which the ocean beats or foitly laves
Rejoice that they are hurt not by the shocks
Which hurt poor sailors to untimely graves.

Yes, they are happy, if the polish'd gem
On which the sun, in varied colours plays,
Rejoice that its lustre comes from him;
And glows with rapture to reflect his rays.

Not else. Though hearts so exquisitely form'd
Feel agony a thousand different ways;
Yet when by love, or friendship's power charm'd,
One moment's bliss, an age of pain repays.

One kind approving look, one cheerful smile,
Can from the mind each painful image blot;
The voice that charms us, can all pain beguile;
Listening, the world beside is all forgot.

Though sharp the pang which friendship slighted
gives.

Though to the eye fond tears may force their
way,
The cause removed, when hope again revives,
Light sits the bosom's lord, and all is gay.

True, when obliged to part from those we love,
'Tis like the pang when soul and body's riven;
But when we meet the spirit soars above,
And tastes the exquisite delights of heaven.

Be mine the feeling heart; for who would fear
To pass the dreary vale of death's abode,
If certain at the end they would be near,
And feel the smile of a benignant God.

From the Charleston Messenger.

TO LAURA

FAIREST of Heaven's creation, say
Why from that soul entrancing face
Do Love's alluring beauties stray,
And angry frowns usurp their place!

Nay, come my love, and let that brow
The smile of sweet forgiveness wear,
And on thy lips I'll seal a vow
Which angels might contend to share.

And I will swear by thee alone,
By every beam that lights thine eye,
Thy bosom fair, the radiant throne
Of every charm and every joy.

Say, from the rigid paths of Truth,
Because one little step he rovd
Would you condemn your conscious youth
To feel the scorn of her he lov'd?

Oh! let that smiling eye no more
My heart's warm passion disapprove,
And, all my youthful follies o'er,
For thee alone I'll live and love,

D. M. C.

Buy what thou hast no need of, and e'er long
thou shalt sell thy necessities.

EBRIETY.

To check vice, expose it to public view. So it of its tinsel trappings; and the seven Furies are not so odious—Sparta incited her slaves, she then placed them before her children, as she cons to warn them of the horrid consequences of this vice. But in our country, so famed for its love of equality—so renowned for its attachment to freedom and equal rights, any attempt of this kind would stain its reputation. We can show it to our understanding, by painting its deleterious consequences.

Figure to yourselves an indulgent, an affectionate father, spending the vigor of his life to acquire, honest industry, a property sufficient to educate a family—to prepare them to act a becoming part in life's theatre. The toil of the day are sweetened even rendered pleasant, by the smiles and praise of his little family. With transports of joy, fondly anticipates the time when the simpering infancy shall give way to the voice of manhood, when his little sons shall arrive to that age in which they will not only be capable of bearing a part of toils, but making preparations to tread the path their father trod before them. His heart leaps with joy, while reviewing the future perspective. He assiduously watches the tender plant, sees its growth towards perfection, and with paternal fondness administers such nourishment as age and experience dictate. Each day unfolds some new delight. But, O! how wretched, how forlorn his situation when almost in the twinkling of an eye some chilling frost blasts his hopes. His darling child has thrown himself into the deadly embrace of Bacchus! That, but yesterday, raised hope and expectation, is now fallen, fallen! He who, but a few days since, sat in the domestic circle, listening to the counsel of his father, is now staggering in the gin-shop. With swollen heart, and eyes suffused with tears of grief, does the father admonish him of his error—and happy, thrice happy if he can persuade him to a return. But if neither tears nor entreaties avail, his grey hairs are brought with sorrow to the grave—His mother, bereaved of her child, Rachel of old, refuses to be comforted—the anguish of her bosom is poured forth in floods of tears, and she resigns herself into the arms of despair! He, the sisters, bound to him by the indissoluble ties of affection? What are their feelings—to behold their brother debasing himself beneath the brute creation—to see him pained by the poison of liquor, in the morning of life—to see him despised and shunned by his acquaintance save those only who are plunged in the same gulf! Language is too feeble to describe their tortured feelings—the tears that chase each other down their cheeks, are more descriptive of their sufferings, than even the pen of a Burke. The unfortunate youth falls not alone—his friends and acquaintance are buried with him.

Where is the son, if he would but once look at the consequences of drunkenness, that would not reform? If filial affection dwells in his bosom, he will fix his arms against this vice. If gratitude holds place in his heart, he will forsake the evil of his ways—will step out of vice's broad and thorny road and again walk in the rosy paths of virtue. If pride and ambition have not been eradicated by a too frequent repetition of ebriety, he will say in his heart, the paths of vice lead but to the grave—he will, with manly pride, behold the dignified statue his God designed him to fill, and become ambitious in the discharge of his duty. This vice destroys health, unnerves the mind, injures the reputation; in short, converts men into beasts.

Not long since a country fellow passing a street in New York, was gazing at a thousand fire things, a person from a window exclaimed, Friend do you think you are in heaven? to which he replied, Sir, but I might had I not looked up and seen the devil in the window.

On the statue of King George II. being placed on the
of Bloomsbury square.

The king of Great Britain was reckoned before
The head of the church, by all good Christians
people—

His subjects of Bloomsbury have added one more
To his titles, and made him the head of the steep

26 Aug 48

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Copy

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, SEPTEMBER 17, 1808.

The city inspector reports the death of 34 persons (of whom were 11 men, 4 women, 12 boys, 6 girls). Of apoplexy 1, consumption 7, convulsions 5, debility 1, decay 3, dropsy 1, dysentery 1, bilious fever 1, remittent fever 1, typhus 1, infantile flux 4, hives 1, old age 1, palsy 1, scurvy 1, teething 2, ulcer 1, worms 1.

Newbern, August 23—We have had the pleasure to learn, that the exertions of the people of Green county to discover the murderers of the post boy, William Wise, have been successful. Two negroes who had escaped from the jail of this town some months since, one called Bill Smith, apprehended as runaway, whose owner was not known, the other called Sam Jarman, lately owned by John Colby, were known to be lurking about Green county, and were on strong hands suspected; their place of retreat was discovered, and a party placed near it; late the evening of the 17th inst. they came thither, both armed. They were fired on, and fell—Sam ran a short distance and was brought down, after snapping his musket at the head of the party. Bill appeared to be so mortally wounded that the party left him to die. We regret to say, that, while engaged in this, Bill moved undiscovered to a creek, which was within a few rods distance, and disappeared. From every circumstance it is believed he was drowned in the creek, as no discovery could be made of him after the most diligent search. Sam was secured—part of the money of which the mail was robbed was found on him, and their hut the fragments of the post-bills, taken from the mail—no discovery has been made of the mail. The exertions of the citizens of Green in searching for and apprehending the daring villains are entitled to the thanks of the community.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Pinckneyville, Mississippi Territory, to a gentleman in Philadelphia.

I am sorry to inform you that the Indians have become troublesome on the frontiers of this country. An express reached the command near this place the day before yesterday from Governor Williams, requiring companies of regular troops who will march immediately. As the story goes, an engagement has taken place; some chief has been done, &c.

When the story transpires, you shall be the particulars.

London, July 4.—Out of nineteen empires, kingdoms, and principalities, into which Europe appeared geographically divided in 18, Bonaparte and his family are now, actually in possession of ELEVEN! The population of these countries is estimated 99,000,000 persons, and the armed force 2,026,000.

LONDON FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

White dresses are worn for the morning, and the ladies display their taste in the colors and variety of their bonnets and scarves, which have taken place of the pelisse and

ponderous mantle. They are quite straight, three yards long, of black or white lace, of muslin worked or plain. Some ladies line the muslin with jonquil or pale blue sarsnet; others wear sarsnet trimmed with lace. The bonnets are all of the same colour as the scarf; and veils are universal, long and short. Crape bonnets are much worn; a small poke front, and a bunch of flowers to match. White satin bonnets, with a bunch of ribbons at the left side, and a plain band, are very genteel. Little fondling caps, with lace borders, are worn under the bonnets. Straw gipsy hats, and cottage bonnets, are also worn. The wire dresses are scooped at the bottom and sleeves, close to the throat with a lace frill. Jonquil and slate colour gloves are worn, and white parasols. The gentlemen wear black coats and white waistcoats.

The following singular and extraordinary description of a Bell, is related in the philosophical, political, and literary travels in Russia, during the years 1788 and 1789—translated from the French of Chantreau.

"As in these countries it has been always regarded as a meritorious action to give bells to a church, and as the piety of the donor is valued in proportion to the size of the bell given, Boris Godonow, the usurper of a throne to which he had paved the way by a succession of crimes, doubtless believed that he would expiate them all by giving to the cathedral of Moscow a bell of 312,400 pounds weight. The empress Anne, who had no crimes to expiate, but wished in point of piety to excel all the sovereigns of Russia, made this bell to be recast, and ordered 200,000 pounds of metal to be added to the original, so that this bell, which now weighs 512,400 pounds, avoirdupois, is the largest in the world.

Its size is so enormous, that it is hardly possible to be persuaded that the dimensions are not exaggerated. But it is in consequence of having taken them ourselves, that we affirm it to be 19 feet high, and that its circumference is 37 fathoms and some feet. It is 21 inches thick. The tower where it was hung was reduced to ashes, the bell fell, and being much encumbered with the ground, it has not been lifted up again. In this fall, a bit was broken out of it towards the lower part, which has left an opening large enough to admit persons without stooping.

NOVELS &c.

For sale at this office.

THE FATAL REVENGE,

OR

THE FAMILY OF MONTORIO,

A Romance,

By Dennis Jasper Murphy.

ALSO

THE WILD IRISH GIRL,

By Miss Ovenson.

ALSO

THE LAY OF AN IRISH HARP;

OR

METOPICAL FRAGMENTS,

By Miss Ovenson.

AND

THE ITALIAN,

By Mrs. Radcliff.

EMBROIDERING CHINELLES, ELEGANTLY ASSORTED SHADES, for sale at No. 104 Maiden Lane.

COURT OF HYMEN.

When fascinating beauty smiles,
Thou deem'd a transient flow'r,
Vain man with all his boasted might,
Submissive owns its pow'r.

MARRIED.

On Saturday last by the Rev. Noah Crane, Mr. Richard Caldwell, of Salisbury mills, to Miss Maria Chandler, daughter of Mr. John Chandler, of Bloominggrove, Orange County.

At West-hester, by the Rev. Mr. Wilkins, Captain Hamilton Boyd, of Albany, to Miss Eliza Kirby, daughter of William Kirby, formerly of this city.

On Thursday evening, the 6th inst. by the Rev. Noah Hallock, Mr. Nathaniel Smith, jun. to Miss Sally Floyd, daughter of Major Floyd, of Smithtown, Long-Island.

At Princeton, N. J. on the 9th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Comfort, Mr. William B. Barney, of Baltimore, to Miss Mary Chase, daughter of the Hon. Judge Chase, of the same place.

MORTALITY.

BOAST not of endless wealth, or noble birth;
From earth all come, all must return to earth.

DIED,

On Tuesday last, at an advanced age, Mr. Abraham Gomez, a native inhabitant of this city.

Saturday afternoon in his 67th year, Thomas Jenkins, Esq. late mayor of the city of Hudson, one of its first founders, and father to the present secretary of the State of New York.

At Albany on Sunday, the 4th inst. Mrs. Mary Spencer, wife of Judge Spencer, and eldest daughter of Gen. James Clinton, in the 36th year of her age.

At Philadelphia on the 4th. William Sandford, Esq. formerly of the inner temple, London, who came to this country in 1795, and for the last 12 years acted as an officer in the Bank of Pennsylvania, being, the greater part of that time, the first book keeper.

At Charleston, the Rev. Dr. Buish, pastor of the Scotch Presbyterian Church of that city.

On Tuesday, the 6th inst. in the 51st year of her age, Mrs. Elizabeth Lansing, of Albany.

At Philadelphia, Mrs. Sarah Wurts, aged 55 years.

At Philadelphia, Isaac Perkins, house carpenter.

At Providence, R. I. Mrs. Ann Allen.

Same place Capt. John Field, aged 71.

Same place Lieut. Joseph Field.

At North Kingstown, Major Samuel Phillips.

DR. ROBERTS, No. 5 Oliver street, New-York will engage to cure all disorders that are curable, without forcing the sick to take one grain of Mercury; if they follow his rules; and if a doubt arise in his breast that he is not able to perform a cure without the help of Mercury, he will let his patient know beforehand, that they may act as they think proper. Beware of Mercury, it destroys 1000 lives annually by sea and land. Attendance from 12 to 2, and from 7 to 10 o'clock.

NOTICE.

"The Annual Vacation in E. Ely's Literary Academy having expired, the exercises of the school will again commence, at No 40, Partition-Street, on Monday morning, September 9

AN HISTORICAL COMPEND,

CONTAINING

A brief survey of the great line of History, from the earliest times to the present day, together with a general view of the present state of the World with respect to civilization, religion, and government, and a brief dissertation on the importance of historical knowledge, in two volumes, by Samuel Whelpley, A M Principal of the Morris Academy. For sale by C. Harrison, 5 Peck-slip.

WANTED,

A WOMAN, who can come well recommended, to do the House-work of a small family at Greenwich. Apply at this Office

COURT OF APOLLO.

(From the Elizabeth City Gazette.)

We shall be always happy to encourage works of genius, by giving all original productions a preference in our paper; and we give the lines on the "Death of Eliza," without being able to decide on their originality, in hopes that the person who wrote them will establish his claim to them. We have no other reason to suspect him of plagiarism but their uncommon excellence.—When he clears up his title on this head we shall be happy to hear from him as often as convenient.

ON THE DEATH OF ELIZA.

By murmuring rills, and falling floods,
Thro' verdant shades and awful woods,
I wander silent all alone,
Lamenting sore the pleasures gone.

'Mongst marble tombs and graves I walk,
Where fearful spectres sullen stalk;
And bending o'er Eliza's urn,
I sadly sigh and inward mourn,

Congential spirits wisely sad,
In sorrow's garb, in sable clad,
Henceforth, may you my hours employ,
Oh! sad as now, be thou my joy.

Oh! earth conceal me in thy womb,
In thy terrific jaws intomb;
Receive a reptile of the ground,
And with the dust his frame confound.

Life's blown with one short breath away,
'Tis but the being of a day,
Swift as the beautiful rose it flies,
It buds, it opens, blooms and dies.

Prognostic cries attend our birth,
With groans we quit this troubl'd earth,
Whilst round stern ministers of fate,
Pain and disease, and sorrow wait.

Oh! happiness, where art thou found,
Or, art thou but an empty sound,
Is fame bastow'd on real worth,
Is gold aught else, than shining earth.

Look round on all that man calls great,
And all that riches can create,
Look round on all that man below,
Thinks glorious, and it all is show.

Adieu rude mirth and jovial noise,
Delusive hopes and earthly joys,
Lo! melancholy I pursue,
Thy steps adieu, vain world adieu!

EPIGRAM.

As Foote, who had always some smart thing to say,
Was jesting and punning one night at the play;
An actress, with neither voice, feeling, nor air,
In figure resembling a huge Flanders mare,
Appear'd on the stage!—"Pr'ythee whom have we
here?"
Cries out the droll wag to one who sat near,
"Mrs. Reddish, you mean it—he replies with a nod,
And a look full of archness—Horse-Reddish, by God!"

JUST PUBLISHED,

And for sale by J. Osborn, No. 13 Park, and
At this Office.—Price 62 1/2 cents.

ELEMENTS OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY,
Arranged under the following Heads—Matter and
Motion, The Universe, The Solar System, The Fixed
Stars, The Earth considered as a Planet, The At-
mosphere, Meteors, Springs, Rivers, and the Sea,
Fossils, Plants, Animals, The Human Frame, and the
Human Understanding

THE MORALIST

The path of life opens upon the young eye, as full
of flowers and sweets; it appears direct, and on
easy ascent, where nothing can annoy nor interrupt
—But when we have arrived at the farther end of it,
the view is changed. We from that point look back
upon the snares we have fallen into as well as perils
which we have escaped and become astonished that
we have had a progress so successful. The hazardous
journey is drawn in strong colours before our children
but they proceed on, charmed by false appearances,
until they have suffered in their turn, as we have
done before them. We have, however, great cause
of gratitude to a kind providence, that our experien-
ces and cautions, when assiduously and timely exer-
cised, are for the greatest part of our posterity from those
disgraceful enormities, which render the lives of a
few completely wretched and miserable, and load
those of others with distress any calamity.

Why then will not the young, the tender part of
the community avail themselves of the wisdom of
those who have gone on in the path of life before them?
Why will not the promising young man, in whose
character the hopes of his parents are fondly centered
and the blooming beauty, whose countenance sheds
the rays of cheerfulness round the domicile of her
family, watch the eye of experience, and hang on the
lip of matured understanding? If the tender love of
the parent unfortunately robs them of that firmness
which they ought to use in the government of their
children, one ought to be led to conclude, that this
alone would incline the child to search for their wish-
es, and perform them with alacrity. In a life fill-
ed with temptations to errors, fatal in their nature;
in a path through a wilderness full of dangers and
evils, one would suppose that young travellers would
gladly avail themselves of the wisdom experience has
given.

Yet too many rush on heedless, over the ruin of
thousands, who have fallen a prey in the same way
they are pursuing.

S. DAWSON'S
WARRANTED DURABLE INK.
FOR WRITING ON LINEN WITH A PEN,
FOR SALE,

by the quantity or single bottle, at No 3, Piccadilly,
and at the Proprietor's, No 48, Finsbury-street

JEWELRY,

At No. 200 Broadway.

EDWARD ROCKWELL informs his friends and
customers, that he has removed from the Park to No
200 Broadway, where he solicits a continuance of
their custom, and flatters himself that his goods, and
his attention to his business will fully meet with their
approbation.

He has constantly for sale a large assortment of
the newest and most fashionable gold earrings, breast
pins, lockets, finger rings, miniature settings, pearl,
plain and enamelled, and of every fashion, hair work-
ed necklaces, and gold do. bracelets, clasps, chains,
watch chains, seals and keys, &c. He has also silver
tea sets, table and tea spoons, sugar tongs, plain and
ornamental tortoise shell combs, and a variety of ar-
ticles appropriate to his line of business, which are
too numerous to mention: he will sell at the low as
prices and will warrant the gold and silver work which
are of his own manufactory, to be equal to any

CISTERNS,

Made and put in the ground complete warranted,
tight, by C ALFORD,
No 15 Catharine street, near the Watch house

RAGS.

Cash given for clean Cotton and Linen RAGS
at this office.

V HANDSOME ASSORTMENT OF TORTOISE SHELL COMBS

FOR SALE BY
N SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFUMER,
FROM LONDON,

At the Sign of the Golden Rose,
NO 114 BROADWAY

Just received a handsome assortment of Ladie's
named Combs of the newest fashion—also
dies plain Tortoise Shell Combs of all kinds



Smith's purified Chymical
metic Wash Ball far superior
any other for softening beautify-
ing and preserving the skin from
cracking, with an agreeable per-
fume 4 and 8s each

Gentlemen's Morocco Pomade
for travelling, that holds all
shaving apparatus completely
small compass

Odours of Roses for small
bottles

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses so
known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples,
redness or sunburns, and is very fine for gentlemen's
ter shaving with printed directions, 3s 4d 8s and
bottle, or 3 dollars per quart

Smith's Pomade de Grasse for thickening
hair and keeping it from coming out or turning
4s and 8s per pot Smith's Tooth Paste warranted
Violet double scented Rose 2s 6d

Smith's Sarcocolla Royal Paste for washing
skin, making it smooth delicate and fair 4 and 8
not do paste

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder for
teeth and gums, warranted—2 and 4s per box

Smith's Vegetable Rouge for giving a natural
our to the complexion, likewise his Vegetable
Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the
Smith's Chymical Blacking Cakes 1s 6d. Also
powder for the skin 8s per lb

Smith's Circassia or Antique Oil for curling,
sing and thickening the hair, and preventing it
turning grey 4s per bottle

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft
mattings 1s per pot or roll Doled do 2s

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving
most beautiful coral red to the lips 2 and 4s per
Smith's Lotion for the teeth warranted

His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on
mical principles to help the operation of shaving
and 1s 6d

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaster 3s per box
Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books
Ladies silk Braces. Elastic worsted and Cor-
Garters

Salt of Lemons for taking out iron mold
The best warranted Concave Razors, Elan-
Razor Strops, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, P-
knives, Scissors, Tortoise-shell, Ivory and H-
combs, Superfine white starch, Smelling bottles &c

Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a sav-
but have their goods fresh and free from adulter-
tion, which is not the case with imported Perfum-
Great allowance to those who buy to sell ag-
January 1, 1808

WHITE TEETH,

Doctor Fay, Surgeon Dentist, NO. 12 BOWERY Lane
continues to perform every necessary operation upon
the Teeth & Gums, inserts artificial Teeth with
or no pain, firm & natural as life Files, plugs, &c
extracts Teeth in the easiest & neatest manner Cle-
Teeth without the usual disagreeable necessity of
file or instrument, or the least injury to the ena-
and gives them a most beautiful Ivory whiteness
the use of his Specific Lotion for the teeth which
prepared and sold at his Office only, at 50 Cents
Bottle. It is warranted harmless & a sure cure for
Scurvy.

September 10th 1808

NEW-YORK,

PUBLISHED BY C. HARRISON

NO. 3 PECK-SLIP.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents per Ann.

PAYABLE HALF IN ADVANCE

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